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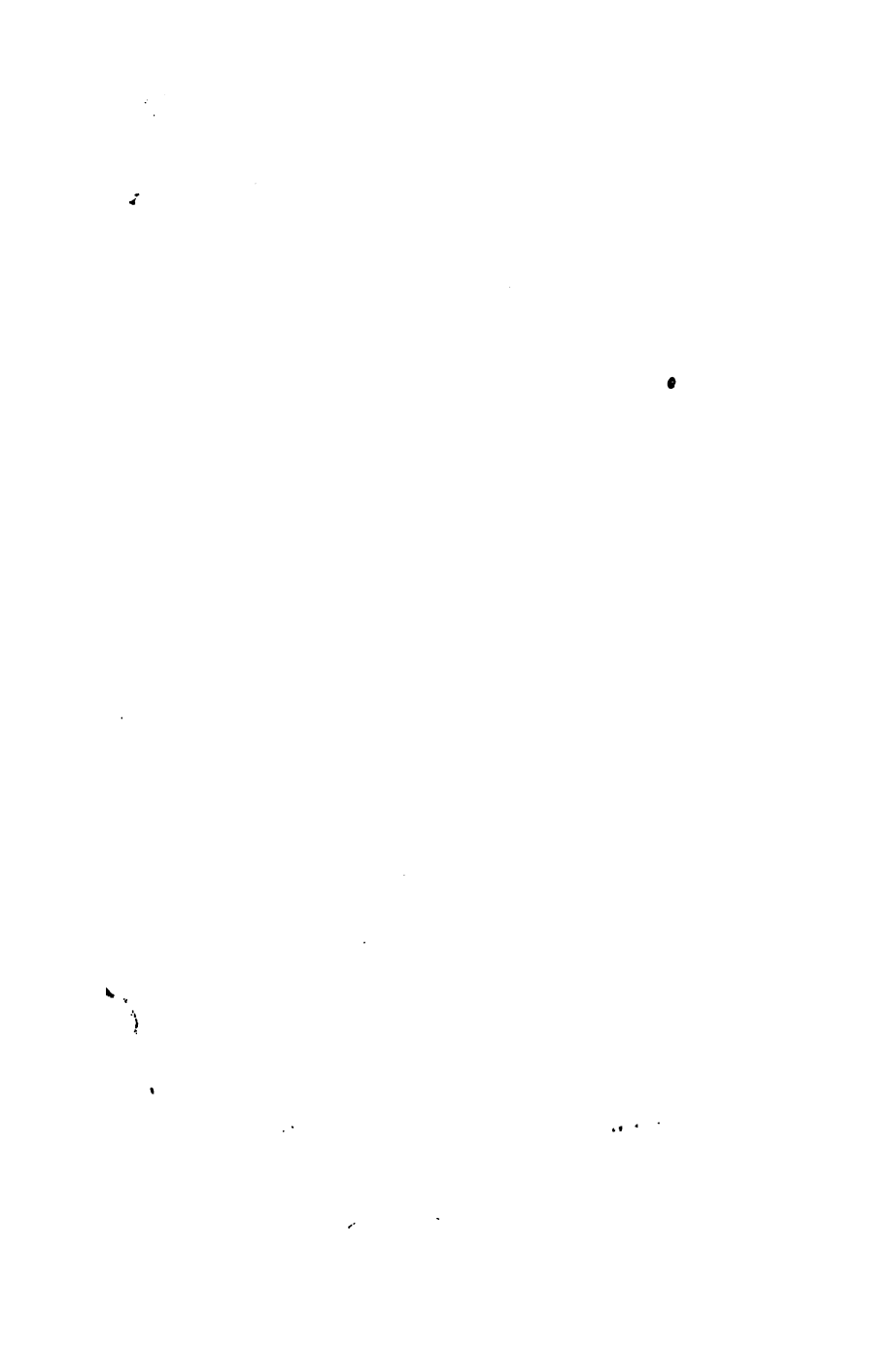
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1843





*The Lady Elizabeth
Keble
with the most
love.*

P O E M S.

BY

ALEXANDER JAMES BERESFORD HOPE, M.P.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. G. F. & J. RIVINGTON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,

AND WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1843.

LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

INSCRIBED

TO

MY MOTHER,

AS A SLIGHT MEMORIAL

OF AN AFFECTION NOT TO BE EXPRESSED,

AND A GRATITUDE

WHICH NEVER CAN BE SUFFICIENT.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of these fragments hardly knows whether or not to trust them to the public under protection of a Preface. Apology in truth they need ; but is not apology a fresh offence, being, in truth, a claiming of pardon for what hardly deserves such ? All he can say is, that he publishes them, himself aware of their defects, aware that he is a very young author. He feels that they are incomplete, fragmentary, rough, and full of inconsistencies of sentiment ; and feeling this, he commits them to the good-nature of readers, who should themselves recollect they are or have been young. They have been written at various times, and in various moods, during the last four years, and published without much alteration or attention to the date of their

composition ; but he hopes that the general spirit of them may be, at least in some degree, beneficial, and that, at all events, they contain nothing hurtful ; and with this hope commits his bark to the waves.

Easter-tide, 1843.

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Prester John.

IT likes me not that mortal hands have sounded
Each inlet of the Hyperborean main,
And tracked and traced and mapped the sinuous bends
Of Niger's weird unfathomable stream.
All this is palpable too much, and breathes
Of knowledge overstrained and scanty faith—
Sweeter to me the gloom of ancient days,
Wherein half glimpses distantly revealed
Of old things beautiful were seen—the gloom
Dappled with roseate and bewitching light,
As Heaven's livery, when gold-eyed Morn
Triumphant thunders at the massy gate
Of black-browed Night—sweeter the strains that lulled
The ear with quaint bright legends of Cathay,

And Araby the Blest—And of that Priest
Who with imperial power swayed half the World.
Himself unseen,—meet type of kingly state.
They knew not where to place him, but their faith
Told of his being—and they doubted not.
Nor deem they erred thus—he indeed did reign—
It was no man they revered ; but a shape,
An inconceivable, all-glorious shape,
Prefiguring with dark huge lineaments
That God-appointed Majesty, supreme
Above the vile dross of a doubting world,
That is engraved upon a Sovran's brow
In deep-writ characters mysterious,
Whose hidden meaning mortals may not pierce
Save he that readeth with the eye of faith.

But now all this is gone, each long-loved tale,
Each sweetest superstition of the past,
Receives unmitigated banishment
At cold Utility's severe tribunal ;
For she doth not, she cannot understand,
That oftentimes beneath their vail we find
Holy deposits of ancestral truth.

Betide them ill that would remove the bright
Old covering of things that long are passed,
As tall beechwoods upon some distant hill,
In verdure clothe its chalky barrenness,
With swelling fronts, and trunks all silver-white,
And spreading roots fantastically twisted.
Did Ilium then raise her topless towers¹,
Bidding defiance to the Grecian host,
And was she mother to proud Albion,
And did Prince Brutus from the Italian shore
Borne hitherward through perils numberless
Rear the fair palaces of Troynovant?
Were Locrine's wars and Sabren's hapless fate,
Were the good deeds of noblest Elidure,
Were Lear's deep woes, and fair Cordelia,
And wise Dunwallo's time-renowned sway,
And thine high might, Uther Pendragon's son,
But idle dreams of things that ne'er have been?
Or did the antique blood of Dardanus
Flow through the veins of great Plantagenet?

¹ "The topless towers of Ilium."—*Marlowe*.

Such questions doth a microscopic age,
Proud of its own heart's littleness, propound
To those who think it wisdom to o'erturn
The bright abodes of hallowed poësy,
Striving upon the ravaged site to build
Some hideous shrine of stern utility.—
But far be doubts from all who rather dwell
'Mid holy imagings of ancient faith,
Than the crude theories of modern pride.

Lady eminently Fair.

LADY eminently fair,
Lady young and debonair,
Thou enchainest with thine eye
And thy voice each passer by,
Carolling some simple lay,
Like the lark on ashen spray—
Sweet thy tones, and sweet thy smile,
Void of censure, void of guile ;
And thy footsteps lightly sound
Calling music from the ground,
Like the fairies on the green
Tripping it at Hallow e'en—
Holy thoughts within thy mind
There alone their entrance find.
High chivalric imagings,
Memories of bygone things,
In thy pure heart ever dwell,
Weaving round it many a spell,
Lady eminently fair,
Lady young and debonair.

To England.

A QUEEN upon her wave-encircled throne
 She sits—proud Emperors her puissance own—
 Fabulous Ind her high behests awaits—
 Nor pestilence nor foreign armament
 Doth harm her, for as warder she hath sent
 The wakeful sea to keep her golden gates.
 For shame, that what nor Spain nor jealous
 France
 Could e'er effect, the sons, she bore, have wrought !
 That she, as people walking in a trance,
 Recklessly hath her own destruction sought !
 When all her glory's gone, posterity
 Shall care that on her tomb inscribed be :
 “ England, the world's most happy, sovran'st, land
 “ Shamefully fell by suicidal hand.”

Faint Heart ne'er won Fair Lady.

WHY loiterest thou with dangling plume,
 And face bespread with gloom ?
 Why not address thy fond heart's care,
 Thy peerless Ermengare ?
 Dost fear that she will not abide
 A lover all untried,
 Nor yield at magic of thy voice
 Her liberty of choice ?
 Be resolute, my friend, for ne'er
 Faint heart won lady fair.

Fickle, not tender, is the maid,
 Who yields when first essay'd ;
 For Providence doth aye devise,
 That things of rarest price

8 FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY.

Should hardest in the winning be,
And by the memory
Of dangers suffered in the fight,
Yield ever more delight.
Be resolute, my friend, for ne'er
Faint heart won lady fair.

Ten years the Grecian armament
Landbound at Aulis spent,
While blew each unpropitious gale ;
And when it had set sail,
Ten years did great Troy-town withstand
The might of Hellas' land :
But suitors fainted not, I ween,
Of Helena the Queen.
Be resolute, my friend, for ne'er
Faint heart won lady fair.

If, when you speak, your accents raise
A young blush on her face,
If she grows pale, or turns aside,
As 'twere in angry pride,

FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY. · 9

Or tremblingly commands thee not

Again approach the spot:

All this presages love, I trow,

She dare not yet avow.

Be resolute, my friend, for ne'er

Faint heart won lady fair.

The Lord Dundee.

Supposed to be written in 1689.

THO' Whigs ye now crawl o'er our rightfu' King,
 We'll soon teach you anither sang to sing;
 Ye may perjure, rebel, ye may murder and steal,
 And sniffle lang prayers your crimes to conceal;
 But, in spite o' lang prayers and hypocrisye,
 Ye'd as lief see the noose as the Lord Dundee.

From the East, from the West, our leal Clans press
 From Perthshire, Lochaber, and far Inverness;
 The Highlands are arming to work your shames,
 Ye Lawlandish gowks that chased King James—
 And who shall lead us on to victory,
 But the gude Laird o' Claver'se, the Lord Dundee.

Tho' Whigs ye now bluster, and honest men flout,
Ye must nae forget how few years are out,
Since aff to the hills, like a flock o' sheep,
Ye maun in gude earnest your seeming fasts keep ;
And how wi' sair greeting, and tears in each e'e,
Ye wad fall at the feet o' the Lord Dundee.

And now, if our Chief in the battle don't fall,
In spite o' Convention and Cov'nant and all,
Ye had better be aff to the mountains again,
Afore we be come, or we'll teach you then
To sing at the foot o' the gallows-tree,
Heaven prosper King James and the Lord Dundee.

On our Coat of Arms.

a, a Chevron Or, between three Bezants. Crest, a Globe,
broken at the top, under a Rainbow, all proper.

THE three Bezants, beaming with gold,
For many a year their tale have told,
That erst in Holy Palestine
Fought for the Faith our Warrior Line.

The Crest above is emblem bright
Of Hope, which, such as for the right
Do battle, shall for ever feel,
Though the World split with thunder-peal ;

For 'mid the dark waves o'er their heads
Its heavenly light the Rainbow sheds,
As once when it announced to men,
The World should ne'er be drowned again.

The Lady Guendolen.

RADIANT with smiles, the Lady Guendolen
Steps forth in queen-like dignity, as when,
From out the blue bright mansions of the West,
The fair moon, rising, tells to men that rest
Hath ta'en the place of watchfulness, and all
Their cares are stilled at night's enchanting call.
Soon as proclaiming gladness from afar,
Her lovely form on heaven's threshold high,
In beauty's pride is seen, amazed each star
Strewn o'er the gorgeous pavement of the sky,
Shrinks back, as deeming viler charms would mar
The stately presence of their deity ;
So every youthful dame, afore so bright,
Gives place, when Guendolen bursts forth with
 heavenly light.

On Her Majesty.

'Twas not in vain that mighty Shakespeare drew
 Britain's unrivalled princess Imogen ;
 'Twas not in vain that every matchless hue
 Of virtue, beauty, there was found ;—nor when
 He sang of bright Cordelia, of nought
 His dreams were fashioned ;—wondrous was each
 thought
 That deep imagination's stream did roll
 Through the rapt poet's oceanic soul.
 'Twas not in vain that sweetest Spenser told
 Of that young Fairy Sov'ran heavenly fair,
 Glorian—For in them may all behold
 Her form, with whom the world cannot compare,
 Our Queen, their high thoughts' unknown Cynosure,
 The last completest work of time mature.

A Vision of Babylon.

O FOR an hour of Arthur to awaken
High feelings chivalrous, and turn men's minds
From pelf and politics' engrossing strife,
To quiet contemplation of old times,—
And marvelling admiration of the prowess,
That animated in the days of faith
Earth's boldest champions to a righteous fight !
When this old spirit bright and pure is faded,
What boots it that proud Britain's power extends
O'er Asia's ancient kingdoms, and those wilds
Where huge Saint Lawrence to the Atlantic waste
Rolls the deep tribute of his sealike lakes ;
While in the arrogance of countless wealth
Sovranly reigns our vast metropolis,
And all around her wait the handmaid cities ?—
What boots it that in pride of intellect,

And o'ermuch knowledge, bursting through the
bounds

Of earth and earth's concerns, confident man
Hath stamped his mark upon the empyræan,
Assigning laws of time and space and motion,
Whereby to limit down God's holy orbs
In their long voyagings through viewless space?—

Visions methought I had of Nimrod's city—
The noonday-sun on Babylon the Great
Poured an exceeding flood of glory—temple
And fortress—gates and heaven-scaling towers
Seemed all transfused to agate—wide Euphrates
Rejoicingly spread out his glowing flood,
As some vast dragon rolls in play his huge
Gold back with multitudinous uncoiling—
Above, below, all tortuous its course.
But whiles it laved the city's bulwark quays,
Straight as an arrow ran the uneddying river.
Above the rest in impious majesty
Arose that fatal pile, whose godless pride
Did prove its own undoing, and dispersed
The young world's progeny rebellious,

Hither and thither wandering, as chance led,—
Chance, as they said, supremest arbitress
Of Heaven, and Tartarus, and middle earth,—
Houseless and brotherless, on the world's surface,
With half-formed tongues, and misty dreams remaining
Of their own shame—as some there were that told
Of Ossa on Olympus piled, and leafy
Pelion on them, to bridge a way to Heaven ;
And such like tales, wherewith the plastic mind
Of Grecian poetry hath veiled the truth
In many-coloured robes of old tradition.
Louder than custom waxed the hum of men,
For she kept revel high upon that day,
Their proud and lustful Queen Semiramis.
And there were courtiers hurrying to and fro
Within the vast arcades of Ninus' palace,
And countless servitors, and clash of music ;
And round about in dazzling heaps displayed
The hoarded wealth of Babel's emperors :
Diamond, and beryl, and clear chrysoprase,
Nabæan frankincense, and Bactrian gold,
Sidonian vests of hue incarnadine,

With tooth of elephant from Taproban,
And what still choicer gifts remotest Ind
Had sent to grace the halls of Nimrod's race.

Then fled my vision ; but a thought remained
Of what she was, and is—and what we are.

The Summer's Day.

ONE Summer's day all things were fair,
 But yet, methought, none could compare
 With the Lady Guendolen ;
 The sky was blue, the sky was bright,
 But not so blue, nor yet so bright,
 As the eyes of Guendolen ;
 The sun shone warm, the sun shone proud,
 But not so warm, nor yet so proud,
 As the smile of Guendolen ;
 The flowers were glad, the flowers were gay,
 But not so glad, nor yet so gay,
 As the laugh of Guendolen ;
 The birds sang clear, the birds sang sweet,
 But not so clear, nor yet so sweet,
 As the voice of Guendolen ;
 The lake was deep, the lake was pure,
 But not so deep, nor yet so pure,
 As the love of Guendolen.

The Debate of the Gods.

LOUD waxed disputes through the wide firmament,
The Gods disputers—Guendolen the cause ;
At length thus spake King Zeus omnipotent :—

- “ I, whose to fix and to unfix the laws
“ It is, whose golden links bind Gods and men,
“ To these high potentates my will declare—
“ Earth’s peerless dame, young Lady Guendolen,
“ Is all too godlike mundane toils to bear,
“ Therefore upon the Empyræan heaven
“ In state I her enthrone, to dwell above
“ The bright Crystalline, where the planets seven
“ To elemental concords ever move.
“ That she their mazy wanderings may controul,
“ And guide the spheres, and with authority
“ Compel the spirits turbulent, that roll
“ Dark storms aloft, to own her sovranty.”

Zeus spake,—and all was silence, till alone
The fearless Empress of enthralling love,
Young Aphrodite, from her ivory throne
Uprose, and with contentious accent strove :
“ Albeit, great King, beneath thy flaming brand
“ Titans were quelled and huge Enceladus,
“ And proud Prometheus at Hephæstus’ hand
“ Learned to obey nigh frozen Caucasus ;
“ Yet one there is, who doth defy thy powers,
“ Nay, conquers thee, and oftentimes to thy shame,
“ In violet chains to Acidalian bowers
“ Leads thee, the slave of some base earthly dame.
“ And so, with thy good leave, I do refuse
“ Assent to thy proposal, and announce
“ My firm resolve, that I shall never choose,
“ That immaturely she the world renounce.
“ None but primæval Uranus’ high race
“ Hath ever scaled Olympic gates secure ;
“ For ’twas decreed his stem should hold the place
“ By undoubted right of primogeniture :
“ Thy son Alcides was, Apollo bright
“ Owns frolic Pan, and Semele they say,

- “ To thee bare Bacchus, whose resistless might
“ Hæmus and Naxos won, and far Cathay.
“ Godlike their form and deeds, but less his praise,
“ Whose are not all his own, but doth derive
“ Part virtues from celestial blood, and plays
“ The god by ancestral prerogative.
“ Higher the fame of some time-honoured line,
“ Whose excellence through long revolving years
“ Doth ever more conspicuously shine,
“ And greater by its onward course appears—
“ And Guendolen doth boast such parentage.
“ Then let us find some nobler gift to crown
“ The paragon of an admiring age,
“ And to all time to spread her bright renown,
“ A new Olympus let us all decree,
“ Of blessed thoughts composed, her soul’s fit home,
“ And every virtue heap, that they may be
“ A true Pantheon in that radiant dome.
“ Nor love be wanting to fill up the sum
“ Of her unmitigated happiness ;
“ That she the world’s quotation may become,
“ Whene’er unbounded joy it would express.”

Thus spake the Idalian queen, and with a smile
Resumed her fulgent seat, and so made pause.
And smile were it, or words that did beguile,
'Tis certain Aphrodite won the cause.

To the Rev. T. Whatehead,

WITH A COPY OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S WORKS¹, 1840.

DEAR Friend, who, at stern duty's call, exile
 To fame preferredst, well content to dwell
 Where round old Vectis, rock-encircled isle,
 With endless boom tumultuous billows swell,
 As once from out luxurious Italy
 Augustine at Ambrosius' call did flee
 To distant Hippo, there with watch and ward
 Stedfastly "God's beleaguered Church" to guard.

¹ In this instance, I have transgressed my rule of publishing no poems addressed to real persons, in favour of one whose modesty requires that his friends should bestir themselves to make his worth known, and who has, since the above was written, given a still greater proof of self-denying zeal, by devoting himself (ambition and ease being utterly set aside) to the service of the young Church in New Zealand.

Receive his writings, thou that worthy art
Of converse with an Apostolic heart,
As through thy life to these cold times appears
The meek deep piety of bygone years.
And in thy peaceful countenance we trace
Features all bright of an old saintly face.

To the Same,

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS INSTALLATION ODE IN THE
SENATE HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,

July 5, 1842.

THROUGH the proud Senate House the loud applause
Rose from the goodly multitude around,
Thy stately coronation lay the cause,
Married to music's soul-enthraling sound ;
Yet some amid the throng might meetly pause,
Asking where was the poet laurel-crown'd.—
And a few loving souls in thought did flee
Beyond the Atlantic and the Indian sea,
Where thou art far away, for evermore
Perchance self-exiled hence, thy witness bearing,
Upon a lately undiscovered shore,
Unto the Ancient Truth, by bravely daring
Self to subdue, whereby the Saints of yore
To Holy Church unnumbered treasures bore.

'Tis sweet at holy Eventide.

'Tis sweet at holy eventide,
By shadowy streamlet's side,
While many a bird around us sings,
To muse on long past things.

'Tis sweet at noonday's fiercest hour,
In honeysuckled bower,
To gaze upon some fair champaign,
Or hill-environed plain.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear,
Frighting that silence drear,
The din of some high king's resort,
Or sea-enriched port.

'Tis sweet to think some exploit on,
 By princely Richard done :
Or carol forth some glorious lay
 Of Gawaine or Sir Caye.

But sweeter far it is than these,
 My Guendolen to please,
And see my studious toils beguile
 The Lady of a smile ;

To gaze upon each other's eyes,
 Till with the fond surprise
Both blush, both start with sudden fear,
 Looking we know not where.

Stare super Antiquas Vías.

THE praise of Ancient Things is gone,
 Yet, for all this, we will not pray
 As the base do, and aye have done,
 Before each idol of to-day.

Better 'mid woods and hills divine
 To dwell an holy Eremité,
 Than batten at some false god's shrine,
 An intellectual Sybarite.

Better, afar from humankind,
 Bright visions inly to behold,
 To feed on dreams, and, in our mind,
 Live through the glorious times of old.

But better still to give our aid
 To all who their revival search,
And arm us to a new crusade
 For Faith, and Truth, and Holy Church ;

Or fearlessly at least to stand
 Upon the Old Paths, day by day
With silent monitory hand
 Pointing to men the Ancient Way.

To Louis the Nineteenth,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE,

Jure Dei non hominum voluntatibus.

O TRUE inheritor of Charles the Great,
 Despair thou not, O King, nor faint, although
 A traitor kinsman sits upon thy seat,
 And thine anointed head hath fallen low,
 For sure to crown at last thy suffering
 In Heaven's book thy name is written King;
 And here on earth kind pitying hearts shall melt
 To hear of royal Bourbon's injuries,
 And ne'er hath lived the man who hath not felt
 The kindly balm of kindred sympathies—
 And late posterity shall never fail,
 When it may need to point some plaintive tale
 Of fortune's deep vicissitudes, to trace
 The fate of Stuart and of Bourbon race.

Translation

OF PART OF THE FIFTH ODE OF

The Third Book of Horace.

His thunderbolts proclaim'd great Jupiter.
 A present god Augustus shall be held,
 Now he hath added to the empire
 Britons remote and Persian lords.
 Have Crassus' soldiery, with barbarous wives,
 Lived in foul wedlock, and grown old in arms,
 (Oh senate and perverted manners!)
 The foemen's troops, the foemen's sons,
 A Mede's slaves, Marsian and Apulian born,
 Of the Ancilia twelve, their name, and gown,
 Forgetful, and eternal Vesta,
 Tho' Jove's Fane stands and holy Rome ?
 This had the prudent mind of Regulus
 Withstood, dissenting from the shameful terms

And that most sad example, drawing
Destruction on the coming age ;
Did not the captive progeny of Rome
Unpitied die.—“ I saw,” he cried, “ I saw
“ Our standards hung in Punic temples,
“ And from our living soldiers torn
Their arms.—The hands of citizens I saw
Behind their free backs tied, and Carthage gates
“ Open and wardless, and the rich lands
“ Our sword had wasted, tilled again.”

I grudge no other Climes.

I GRUDGE no other climes their blue unshaded noon,
Have we not Autumn days, and dappled cloudland
skies ?

I pity them that prate as envious of the Po,
And Danube's giant stream, and castle-crowned
Rhine,

Rememb'ring Thames doth lave old Oxford's holy
towers,

And Windsor in the lea, and numbrous Troynovant,
And Cambrian Severn bounds adown Plinlimmon's
side.

Rome's praises weary me, and Naples' azure bay,
Repeated thousand times by those that ne'er have
seen

Caerleon upon Uske, and Chester by the Dee,
And Glastonbury's fane, and Richmond on the rock,
And Ely with its Church, and high imperial York.

From Hesiod's *Works and Days*.

156—171.

But when this race moreover earth had hidden,
 Then truly Zeus the son of Cronus made
 Still yet a race, the fourth, on fertile earth
 The godlike progeny of hero men,
 More just and better than the tribe of brass,
 Whom the last generation that hath held
 The boundless world entitle demigods.—
 And some of these fell war and hateful strife
 Slew, struggling for the flock of Œdipus,
 And some in ships, beyond the swelling sea,
 Contention led e'en unto Troy town gates
 To die for sake of bright-haired Helena.—
 There then they closed their eyes in final death ;
 But unto them subsistence and a home
 Assigning, Zeus the son of Cronus placed
 Them at the bounds of habitable earth.

And now they dwell with an untroubled mind,
Far in the Islands of the Blest away,
Beside deep-eddying Oceanus,
Blest heroes, unto whom thrice every year
Liberal earth produces honied fruit !

Fragment.

————— δικαιοτέρον καὶ ἄρειον
 Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων θεῶν γένος.

YE laureate Nymphs, that, ranging at your will
 Parnassus, oftentimes in the lucid rill
 Of Hippocrene did lave your tresses fair,
 Or coursing wild Cithæron from his lair
 Startled the timid deer—poor fabled band
 Away, for holier strains my lyre demand !
 I tell a tale of Christian chivalry bright,
 And mighty exploits in a righteous fight—
 Of red-cross knights that did in distant lands
 Athwart the surging main, from Paynim hands
 Shield the Blessed Tomb, where housed in fleshly clay
 Awhile the sinful world's great Ransom lay.

I tell a tale of bygone piety
 And holy choirs by knightly hands on high
 Uprais'd, whose glad bells ever sweetly rang
 As vested priests their lauds and compline sang,

And all around the windows glittering bright,
With pictured tale from Holy Writ bedight
Where now owls hoot, and foxes lurk by night.

Honour to Chivalry—each in his tomb
Those stout knights many wait their general doom,
Who of their worldly goods made sacrifice
Unto the Church—their souls in Paradise
We trust—their misdeeds turbulent forgiven,
Their high munificence renowned in Heaven—
Ever in prayer, and some with legs crossed rest,
Sure token that upon their snowy vest
Gleamed the glad Cross, when Christendom did well
Chase from the Holy Land the Infidel.
Haply some hoary rustic full of days,
Mingling old truth with fables' varied lays,
Shall sing these wondrous legends of old times
By blazing Yule-logs sped in uncouth rhymes,
Telling of marvellous deeds of marvellous men,
Of castles stormed, and conquered Saracen,
And Christmas revels in the high-roofed hall,
When rich and poor held common festival.

* * * * *

To my Friends

SEEING THAT IN THEIR PRAISE I HAVE BEEN SILENT, AND
SUNG MUCH ABOUT THE IDEAL.

I.

PARDON my silence, Friends, nor deem that such
Betokens ought of ill ;
Love's music hath an easy lyre to touch,
And Fancy's easier still ;
But Friendship's note is difficult o'ermuch
For man to sound at will.

II.

Fancy on Lapland's cliffs with soaring flight
Joys in the northern breeze,
Beholding sea nymphs in the dreamy light
Playing mid choral trees,
And peoples English woodlands fern-bedight
With old Oreades.

III.

And Love, that high mysterious passion strange,
Earth's most fantastic child,
Compasseth every clime in the vast range
Of his long progress wild,
Whene'er in lordly bower or lowly grange
Dwells young-eyed Beauty mild.

IV.

But Friendship gives to earth high Heaven's hue,
With roseate colouring
Hiding the whole truth's faults, and yet all true
Bids myriad Angels bring
From out terrestrial caverns chill to view
Her pure refulgent spring.

The Crusades.

TWAS a blest thought to shield from violence
 The Sepulchre, and by self-sacrifice
 The light of Christian teaching to dispense
 O'er lands in darkness whilom fed on lies,
 Which a luxurious age's duller sense
 As foolish superstition doth despise.—
 Marvellous vision, when all might espy
 Each crowded city, and each desert way
 Of Western Europe, thronged with banners high
 Marking the multitudinous array,
 Soon as the dreadful words had met each eye,
HIEROSOLYMA EST PERDITA.
 And meekest Bernard from his hallowed house
 Came forth with trumpet tones warm hearts to rouse.

The Envious Flowers.

THIS morn a dappled bank I spied,
 Where oftentimes 'mid daisies pied,
 And congregated roses,
 My Guendolen reposes.

Straightway, on holy theft intent,
 Right to the bank my steps I bent,
 From all their stores to rifle
 For Guendolen a trifle.

I saw each flowret's pride low laid,
 As fade all charms, when once a maid
 Hath erred from strictest duty—
 And perished was their beauty.

Alack, I cried, what baneful spell
Could mar that bank she loves so well ?
 (For lovers all are stupid,)
It was no spell, quoth Cupid,

'Twas envy all that did them harm ;
Each envied her some separate charm,
 Its griefs each flowret cherished,
And cherishing them perished.

The rose pined at those cheeks, where met
Both tints of old Plantagenet,
 Her teeth did vex the lily,
 Her eyes the bluebell silly,

The hyacinth could not compare
With the crisp curls of her bright hair,
 The woodbine sweetly wreathing
Drooped at her fragrant breathing.

A Palace fair I saw.

A PALACE fair I saw upon a height,
 That all defenceless seemed 'gainst war's assay,
 For open gates displayed high halls to sight,
 With many a noble inmate glad and gay,
 While round on every side, to give them light,
 Thro' windows old the sun's proud beams did play,
 With wondrous forms of holy men bedight,
 Painting with myriad hues the blessed day.—
 Nathless the impious foeman's haughty bands
 Long time, though panoplied in tempered mail,
 With open fight and fraud of crafty hands
 This unwalled palace fruitlessly assail.—
 Unmoved, unhurt, upon the Rock it stands,
 Trusting in Heaven's word it ne'er should fail.

From Euripides.

(PASSIM.)

Πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
 Πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοὶ,
 Καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
 Τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὖρε θεός·
 Τυὸνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

FULL many a shape have heavenly things
 And to most varied channels tend,
 For Providence the oftenest brings
 Events to an unlooked-for end ;

And what we ne'er did doubt should be,
 In consummation fails at last,
 Such, such is life's reality,
 And so this strange adventure past.

May Morning.

THIS very morn hath May unbarred the spring,
And lovers all, to crown the happy day,
To Flora's rustic shrine their offerings bring,
With dance, and laugh, and jocund roundelay.

Noontide draws on apace, why rest ye still ?
Come up, my love, come up, and we will prove
What new delights, what varying pastimes fill
This hallowed month of merriment and love.

Ill luck be mate to all who frown and grieve,
And at their neighbours' happiness repine—
We'll to the greenwood shade, and gaily weave
Fresh honeysuckle with sweet eglantine.

Then starting at the tabor's merry sound,

We'll link our hands, and, frisking here and there,

Proclaim with dance and song and joyous bound,

That May is crowned the monarch of the year !

From the Prometheus Vincetus,

88—108.

O AIR divine, and ye swift-winged gales
 And river fountains, and the countless laugh
 Of the sea waves, and all-producing earth,
 And thee I call, all-seeing orb of Heaven,
 Behold ye what from gods, a god, I suffer—
 Behold with what afflictions torn, what pangs
 Long term I shall endure, yea, myriad years,
 So strong and so disgraceful is the bond
 This novel monarch of the blest hath forged
 Against me—

Alas! the present and the future woe
 I mourn for—where then may I ever find
 The consummation of these sufferings?
 And yet what say I, all things I foresee
 Clearly that shall be, nor will any woe

Face me unlooked for.—So my duty is
To bear my appointed doom the easiest,
As well aware that irresistible
Is destiny in strength.—

Yet neither can I
Keep silence of my fate, nor yet refrain
From silence of it—for from having
To mortals presents brought, I in these straits
Most wretched have been fetter'd.

Quietness.

COME let us sit beneath the massy shade
Of yon fair elm, that crowns that grass-green slope,
Whose gnarled limbs into a triple head
Divide—each turning to a different wind,
Each rising slant, save at its end, where each
Curls somewhat downward to fair mother Earth,
Like a meek soul, whose aspirations holy
Receive the gentle tinge, which love of home
And kindred with its soft pure ties bestow.
Here let us sit—yon limes are not for us,
But for fair ladies, and gay fluttering beaux ;
For priests the cedarn shade and mighty kings,
The oak for stirring souls, the beech for poets
And lovers, but the elm for quiet men—
And here awhile forget the turmoil vast
Of this strange, fitful, mad, revolving sphere,

Whose motions day by day, and year by year,
Visibly typify the moral state
And inward changing of its members,—
And muse a little on the mighty strength,
The arch-imperial power of quietness.
Why toil crabbed statesmen night and day, but that
The state should be inhabited in peace
By quiet men? why heap they wealth, but that
They may themselves at last sit down in quiet?—
Why are the world's great kingdoms ruled, and why
Do Bishops, with the consecrated oil,
Anoint the chosen deputies of God,
But that the good may be rewarded, and
The sword of Justice fall upon the wicked,
And so the quiet man may dwell in peace?—
Thus quiet men do ever rule the world.

Kilmallock is a ruined Place.

πάλαι πότε ἦσαν ἄλκιμοι Μιλήσιοι.

**KILMALLOCK¹ is a ruined place,
And men may scarcely trace
The proud old city, where the line
Of Tuscan Geraldine
With kinglike and resistless hand
Swayed nigh the half of Erin's land.**

**On Tara's walls the wild-flowers grow,
And few there are can show
The Hall where once in high debate
Milesian monarchs sat ;
And Cashell's towered Rock displays
Scant relics of her goodly days.**

¹ Kilmallock, County Limerick, now a poor village, distinguished only by the ruins of abbeys and buildings that attest its splendour in the days it was the chief seat of the Fitz-Geralds, Earls of Desmond.

Still some wild legends may be found
 The wasted sites around,
 Poor slight memorials of the time
 When Erin reigned sublime,
 And Brien drove with conquering sword
 From the Blest Isle the Danish horde.

Scarce doth the Western Country own
 Most holy Avalon²,
 And Arthur guards in slighted tomb
 The consecrated dome,
 While dateless eld's insidious sleep
 O'er the mysterious tree doth creep.

And Fountains 'mid her gardens neat
 Seems but a pleasure seat ;

² Tradition says Glastonbury Abbey, in the vale of Avalon, was founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea, and was the earliest church the world ever saw built. They still show the wondrous thorn tree, now very old, that puts out its leaves in winter, which was said to have been planted by him.

King Arthur was buried there with the inscription,

"Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rexque futurus."

While moss and filth ancestral claim
 The Church at Verulam,
 Where sleep in all unhonoured rest
 Our Protomartyr's relics blest.

Roofless the ruins where once stood
 Thy Chapel, Holyrood,
 While drearily floats thro' the air
 The Calvinistic prayer,
 And Melrose, 'mid her woes still fair,
 Mourns o'er her outraged altars bare.

'Twere better then, ye bards, to cease
 Lamenting Rome or Greece,
 And strive in patriotic strain
 Bright memories to maintain
 Of high old things, whose sunlike glory
 Gilds the past times of British story.

From Ennius.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

ASPICITE, o cives, senis Ennii imaginis formam,
 Hic vestrûm panxit maxima facta patrum—
 Nemo me lacrimis decoret neque funera fletu
 Faxit—"Cur?" Volito vivus per ora virum.

Behold, O citizens, the honoured shape
 Of your old goodly poet Ennius,
 That sang your ancestors' renowned'st deeds.
 Let no one weep for me, nor no one dare
 With tears my burial to perform—"Why thus?"—
 I fly all living through the mouths of men.

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

Hic est ille situs cui nemo civis neque hostis
Quivit pro factis reddere opræ pretium.

Here he is laid, on whom none could bestow
His meet reward, nor citizen nor foe.



FRAGMENT.

Jupiter hîc risit, tempestatesque serenæ
Riserunt omnes risu Jovis omnipotentis.

Jupiter smiled—and each calmed element
Smiled at the smile of Jove omnipotent.

A Poet's Day-Dreams.

OFTTIMES in ecstasy a bard hath stood,
Viewing from out a late-illumined wood
The murky cloud-piles brightening with the glare
Of the descending orb, and pictured there
Marvellous forms of things that once have been,
Palace and tower and terraced garden green
Of some grand city of that olden time,
When earth exulted in her youth's gay prime—
He conjures up forthwith the countless crowd,
That fills the streets of yon fair city proud,
Her chieftains bright in golden panoply,
Princes, and Paladins, and Emperors high,
And the long line of their great ancestry.
The gorgeous vision's fled ! The sun is set !
But never, never can the bard forget
Fond dreams of an illimitable mind,
That dared things hoped for in things seen to find.

From the Eighth Book of the *Aeneid*.

IN the shield's centre fleets with brass horrific,
The Actian battle was displayed,—and there
Leucate blazing all with ranged troops,
And waves with gold effulgent.—On this side
Augustus Cæsar leads the Italians to the fight,
The Senators and people favouring him,
And Rome's Penates old, and mighty gods.
Conspicuous upon his lofty deck
From out his joyful brow twain flames arise,
And o'er his head is seen the star paternal.
And in another station great Agrippa,
With winds and gods propitious, haughtily
Leads on his squadron—on whose temples beams
The proud reward of war, the beaked crown.
But on the other side, with wealth barbaric
And various arms, Antonius, conqueror,

From Eastern realms and Erythrean shores,
Egypt and all the Orient's chivalry
Leads with him, and dark Bactria's troops remote,—
And, shame! follows him an Egyptian wife.
Amain all meet, all clash, and ocean boils
With appulse of strained oars and three-barbed beaks.

My Room in Trinity College, Cambridge.

I LOVE the spot, for round it shine
The form of Those I love the best
Mid all the living, and His form
Who now is numbered with the dead.
And here is seen the godlike shape
Of Him that wore the diadem
To change it for the Martyr's crown.
And She the young and beautiful
First daughter of that holy one
All worthy of her Stuart race.
And there is placed the Anointed form
Of that fair Dame, who now rules o'er
The sea-girt realms of Albion,
As if with tutelary glance
For aye to guard the spot from harm.
And blessed Saints around the walls

Recall Church thoughts, and banish evil—
And there four lustrous shapes are seen
The Martyr Prelate, and that Earl
Who to the scaffold led the way,
And heroes twain of Graham's line—
That with the outward sight the mind
May inwardly be stirred to do
Great deeds like them ; and with the thought
They all met violent death, to learn
Death suffered in a righteous cause
Is glory, life, and victory.

Winchester.

YE towers of Winchester why are ye sad—
Mourn ye for those that sleep in western vale,
Sir Launcelot, and pure Sir Galahad,
And gentle Gawaine, and Sir Percevale¹?

Or mourn ye for the progeny that came
Of those that quelled our old Dardanian kings,
Alfred, and saintly Edward's cherished name,
The royal line of Saxon Athelings?

Or for the gallant race that stoutly met
Usurping Harold on the ensanguined plain²,
Whence the great stem of true Plantagenet,
And Stuart Lords, and fair Victoria's reign?

¹ Knights of King Arthur's court, who kept, they say, his Round Table at Winchester, of whom Sir Galahad achieved the finding of the Blessed Sangreal.

² The Normans called the spot where that famous battle was fought, the Vale of Sanguelac.

Virgil's Vision¹.

Ille Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Panthenope studiis florentem ignobilis oti.

WHILE war's loud thunders with Alcides' might
Thou mad'st be heard, e'en in the distant tracts
Where the swart Æthiop roams the sandy waste,
While thy victorious name with dread awaked
The antique Pyramids' cold mysteries,
And hundred-gated high Ogygian Thebes
Called thee oppressor ; thee, at whose command
The sistra of the Nile were stilled, and horror
Crept through Osiris' temples, where the note
Uncouth was whilom heard of pomp barbaric,
Augustus Cæsar, brave inheritor

¹ The author is aware of the stiffness pervading this piece. In excuse, he has only to offer, that it was originally written in Latin Alcaic verse, and then translated.

Of glorious kings that ruled the Dardan mount,
And offspring of the gods, to whom is given
Troy's wasted empire to re-edify.—
Of glory in those days and honest fame
Unmindful, vainest toys with mine whole heart
I followed, quaffing Circe's charmed cups
In the calm seats of loved Panthenope :
Then indolently trifling all the hours
In love and joke I showed my skill, and then
I sang my song and joined the dance's maze.
Then by the blue waves lazily I viewed
The countless ripples with a dull amaze ;
Or, when night's shades had thickened, I 'gan make
The darkness vocal with Æolian lyre,
Telling the golden smiles, all credulous,
Of Greek Melissa—on some other day
Weeping the wayward lady's cruel annoy
(More variable than the Ionian deep
Was she, when beating against Tænarus
It threats destruction to rash argosies,
Soon as the Balance with impartial rule
To night assigns and day an equal reign).

At last, one summer's evening (now the plains
Were thirsty, for proud Sirius' star prevailed),
The sun had set, and chilly white the moon
With lamp serene was resting o'er the wave,
The steep Vesuvian, and Parthenope.
Whether by fate, or that a deity
With friendly influence did guide my steps,
A grove I enter, where the dark brown cypress
Perfumed the smooth turf and Castalian bays,
A sea-lashed spot and sloping—for it turned
To Phoebe's western dwelling, ocean's halls,
Where in the vasty caverns weave their dance
The young Nereides, beneath the gulf
Atlantic, nigh the Island of the Blest—
So calm it was, so still, that nought could show
How calm it was, how still, did I not list
The gentle buzzings of the summer bee,
And from the foliage the Attic bird
Filled Dian's ear with her sad lullaby,
And babbling ripples wooed the shining sand.
Wearied of sport, and tired with laziness,
As night did counsel, here beneath an ilex

I laid myself, and called for sleep to come—
But soon I roused me, for I needed soon
Gaze on a new and wondrous prodigy
With staring eye-balls and distracted mind,
As stands aghast the Delphic sorceress
All drunk with Phœbus, whom that grotto weird
Fears, and the double-crested mountains' peaks ;
For from the deep is seen afar to rise
A light, where with unquiet storms the main
Bellows round Lipare, Vulcanian forge.
Eftsoon the vision with refulgent train
O'er Ocean's back advances, and appears
Higher and broader with its onward course,
Like those Tyndarid lamps¹ the sailor dreads,
With tempest pregnant and with loss of ship.
Thick clouds forthwith of ruddy light each way
Envelop me in glory ; and anon revealed,
Bare of that bright concealment, Cythereis
Startles my coward eyes, omnipotent ;
Quit of attendants, for her boy I ween

¹ A meteoric phenomenon, common in the Mediterranean, now called "the Fire of St. Elmo."

Psyche detained, and far away the Graces
Beneath Eoan caverns fed her doves
With food ambrosial—But her honied lips,
Her bright eye, and her neck than milk more white,
And every unimaginable grace
That played around her face and faultless form
The soul-controlling Emperess proclaimed.

At sight of Venus, as ye may conceive,
I trembled, nor well knew where I should turn
Mine eyes astonished ; but with dimpled smile
She grasped my hand, and sweetly chid my fears.
“ Break through your fetters, Venus this I bid,—
Beseems it thee beneath the gilded yoke
Of that young hussy insolent to toil,
Forgetful of the poet's sacred name ?—
Break through your fetters, thee, a goddess I
To a grand office destine : forthwith thou
Shalt rescue Ilion from Grecian ruin,
And sing reviving 'neath our auspices
The bulwarks of a happier Pergamus.
And thou shalt praise our offspring, many a time

Rescued, when all but hopelessly involved
Within malignant Juno's dark intrigues ;
Then shalt thou lead our glorious progeny
Through the perfidious wiles of impious Carthage,
To King Latinus' long-desired abodes,
And happy wedlock with Lavinia ;
Hence sovran Rome, and hence the capitol,
And hence the guardian fane of Jupiter ;
Hence sprung, the last renown'dest progeny
Of Venus and Anchises, Cæsar bounds
At all-encircling Ocean's stream his empire,
His glory at Olympus' shining gates—
And yet his Phrygian fathers did inhabit
Poor wicker cabins at the Alban lake
Beneath the bare rock—thus in acorn cup,
King of the woods, the oak, long time is hid,
And thus in murkiest clouds, all provident,
What shall hereafter be, the Sire conceals.
And lest thou should'st repine, lo ! unto thee
Herself, the mother of the Julii,
Venus appears deserting Memphis' fane,
And Jovs divine of Acidalia's grove,

In form as by the gods she is beheld,
In form as once she sailed the waves maternal ;
At whose creating was the storm appeased,
And lulled to sleep the gentle winds were still.

“ Poet beloved by Muses, tear thyself
From this fastidious indolence, and quit
These enervating walls, where long time dead
The Siren yet retains her baleful sway.
This gift the Fates do promise thee, that when
(And soon it will be) Death's last day shall close
Thy life, great one, aweary with thy toils,
Where now unquiet in the cool green grass
Thou dost compose to sleep thy heavy limbs,
Here shalt thou rest, beside Parthenope²,
And here shall rise thy comely marble tomb :
And if with crooked scythe antiquity
Thy name and funeral urn shall devastate³,

² Vide supra, page 65, last line.—An aged elm, spreading from the sides of the rock and bending over the edifice, covers the roof with its ever-verdant foliage.—EUSTACE.

³ No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription, to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim.—EUSTACE.

The mighty fame more living shall redound
To every age ; and till the world itself
Shall perish, sedulous posterity
Shall crown with truest homage Virgil's tomb."

Composed on Age-Edge.

AUGUST, 1840.

THICK clouds, the harbingers of ill,
Had gathered round each lofty hill,
And wondrous lights flitted between
Enlivening the glorious scene—
These clouds methought did well presage
The growing evils of the age,—
The lights were traces of things old
That still o'er men their empire hold,
And yet from its impending fate,
Please Heaven, shall retrieve the state.

Well, and alas! too well.

Lives there no man this world her grievous crimes dare tell!
Where be those noble spirits for ancient things that stood!

DRAYTON.

WELL, and alas! too well hath sung that poet good,
“Where be those noble spirits for ancient things that
stood?”

“Lives there no man this world her grievous crimes
dare tell,”

Where their high notes the loud cathedral organs
swell,

Or where by river-bank, nigh to an ancient town,

Rises in ruin hoar some castle of renown,

In ladies' latticed bower, or academic hall,

Or cradled mid the holy mountains huge and tall?—

Can none such champion then in British land be
found?

Doth none such champion then inhabit foreign ground,
Where quiet Ravenna stands, a living monument
Of antique glories gone, and centuries long spent ;
Or in the gothic winds of Nuremberg the quaint,
Of Nuremberg, which time with master-hand doth
paint

All o'er with wondrous store of wildest fantasies,
Fairly calling back old things to modern eyes ;
Or in the high Cæsarean hall ¹, where thy loved por-
traiture

Fills the last vacant space, last Roman Emperor,
That strange prophetic hall, where ne'er his place
was shown

Had other occupied the Carlovingian throne ?

¹ The Hall of the Cæsars at Frankfort, where the Germanic diet met. It is surrounded with the portraits of the Emperors, the last vacant place being occupied with that of Francis, the last Roman Emperor, and the first of Austria.

The Scotch Jacobite Lady's Lament.

Supposed to have been written about 1740.

KING JAMIE he's awa', awa',
 Whereat I maun greet sairly,
 King Jamie he's awa', awa',
 King Jamie an' Prince Charlie.

Broad lands I'd give and money, race
 And kindred I'd disown,
 To see the auld Stuarts i' the auld place,
 And the King upon his throne.
 King Jamie he's awa', awa', &c.

And is there nane althro' the land,
 For Scottish Stuart's right
 That dares uplift his braw right hand
 Wi' Southron loons to fight?
 King Jamie he's awa', awa', &c.

THE SCOTCH JACOBITE LADY'S LAMENT. 75

There's chieftains and there's trusty lords,
There's Perth and young Clanranald,
There's dunnir-wassails wi' sharp swords,
There's Appin and Macdonald.
King Jamie he's awa', awa', &c.

O then nae mair I'll sing ochone,
But trust till I have viewed
The King upon his throne at Scone,
And Stuarts in Holyrood.
King Jamie hame again, again,
O then I'll revel rarely,
King Jamie hame again, again,
King Jamie an' Prince Charlie.

A Dream.

Lives not fiction, truth's romantic shrine
 Whence Arthur's self thou mayest unsepulchre
 And take thy knighthood from his skeleton arm !

WHYTEHEAD.

YET sleeps in Avalon¹
 Pendragon's son,
 And, burnished yet for war,
 Excalibar
 Lies by the hero's side ;
 As once when tried
 Against the Saxon horde
 It did afford

¹ It was a beautiful old belief that King Arthur, the champion of the Faith, was but asleep, and would, one day awaking, by the might of his good sword, Excalibar, free Britain in an hour of peril.—See note on page 53.

Triumph to Locrine's race,
And fell disgrace
To all that durst withstand
His potent hand.
Again shall chivalry,
In rivalry
Of its old glorious days,
O'er Albion blaze
Its holy banner bright,
Displayed again in might,
To cheer our aching sight.

From Nævius.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

MORTALES immortales flere si foret fas,
Flerent diæ Camœnæ Nævium poetam ;
Itaque, postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
Obliti sunt Romæ loquier Latinâ linguâ.

If the immortals could for mortals weep,
 The high Camœnæ would
 Be weeping Nævius the poet ;
 For now he's gone to Orcus' dwellings deep,
 Though once at Rome they could
 Speak Latin, now they must forego it.

**On the late Attempt to assassinate Her
Majesty.**

JUNE 10, 1840.

LIKE some old vision of a Fairy bright,
Armida, Glorian, or Titania hight,
Advanced our Monarch ; straightway every face
On her alone was turned, as with delight
All marked some queenly attribute, some grace
Before unknown, that opened forth to sight—
Nor cowardice, nor blighting sorrow-trace
In that majestic countenance had place.

And can it be, that one of woman bred
Was found the land all o'er, that durst upraise
His hand against that fair anointed head ?—
But She is saved !—To Heaven be the praise !—
Be his, the Lord's Anointed's blood to shed
Who strove, a name detested all his days.

Debastation of Religious Houses.

O DAY, above all days to be abhorred,
When Tudor Henry's sacrilegious hand
Upon the ancient houses of the Lord
Unholy ruin heaped. Wherefore the sword
Of civil warfare, and Rebellion's brand,
Over the wide champaigns of English land
Revelled resistless, and did streams afford
Of noblest blood to glut hell's fury band—
Wherefore beneath the bloody axe the head
Of God's anointed fell, the punishment,
And augmentation of that guilt, which fed
By such foul times, not yet perchance is spent,
Unless the children England's soil hath bred,
In sackcloth and in ashes shall repent.

The Fair One's Grave.

WITH roses and the first sweet offerings
Of dewy nights, warm suns and balmy springs,
We strewed the ground, to signify the fair
And fragile flower that lies enshrouded there.
The cold frame in the colder earth to dwell
Of her we placed we all did love so well ;
E'en as she died we let her clasped hands rest,
Folded in orison upon her breast,
Her lips half open, as when they did sing
Her Nunc Dimittis to her Heavenly King.

We live in Unbelieving Times.

WE live in unbelieving times, and well it is to soothe
Our hearts with sweet tradition's stores, and hold
them all for truth ;

Of great Alcides' labours twelve, and Deianeira
bright ;

Or Perseus, terror of the West, and Argonautic
might ;

And of that house-destroying curse on Cadmus'
progeny

By the war monarch erst invoked, the doomed
Labdacidæ ;

Or of the famed Tantalid line, that swayed Mycenæ's
plain—

Pelops, and Atreus king of men, and Agamemnon
slain ;

And that divinest strain of all, that tells of Priam's
hall,

Ilium upon the wind-beat steep, and her disastrous
fall,

Whereon I often love to muse, and inly meditate,
Striving high emblems thence to frame of latter
earth's estate—

In flames she could not be consumed, nor, captured,
could she perish,

So mightily the mighty gods did sacred Ilium cherish.

For thence came forth the kingly race that built
mysterious Rome,

In every clime and every mind rearing their awful
home,

Of thoughts cemented and of deeds bad, good, that
all combine

To magnify the wondrous town upon Mount Palatine.

Æschylus's Epitaph on Himself.

Αἰσχυλον Εὐφορίωνος Ἀθηναῖον τόδε κεύθει
 Μνήμα καταφθίμενον πυροφόροιο Γέλας·
 Ἄλκεν δ' εὐδόκιμον Μαραθῶνιον ἄλσος ἂν εἴποι,
 Καὶ βαθυχαιτήεις Μῆδος ἐπιστάμενος.

This grave at fertile Gela covers one
 Of Athens, Æschylus, Euphorion's son—
 Marathon's grove his strength might well declare,
 And he felt it, the Mede with flowing hair.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

THE untiring Sun doth never age,
 Nor palsy chill the Ocean's rage ;
 The hills shall lift that royal brow,
 When we are gone, that they do now,
 They wait alone the general doom,
 Man hasteth daily to the tomb,
 And proud man's works his ruin share,
 Nor leave one trace of what they were.
 The dark sea beats the arid plain
 Where Carthage ruled the Western main ;
 And jackals howl those mountains on,
 Where stood imperial Ilion.
 The golden Rhine with murmur gay
 Hastes onward his appointed way,
 Nor wots that 'neath his bosom deep
 The Niebelungen treasures sleep.

On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

I.

NOVEMBER winds from many a tree,
 Had ravished summer's bravery,
 But yet the glad sun smiled,
 And the day was mild,
 Emblem that tho' fair earth be old,
 And hearts of many men wax cold,
 Yet that shall still withstand which hath withstood,
 And this our time shall be an age of good.
 And on this morn
 Victoria's heir is born.
 Glory to the Lord of Hosts !
 For this His goodness to our land,
 That He, with His Almighty hand,
 Confounding treason's boasts,
 Hath deigned on His unworthy servants to increase
 The blessings of glad peace !

II.

Young mother—Monarch of our isle,
May pleasure's sweetest smile
Be never absent from thy face,
Gazing on this new scion of thy ancient race,
That a bulwark he may be,
Beneath thy tutelage,
E'en in his first infantal age,
Against the foes of monarchy.
And in his quick eye thou mayest see
Of future glories true presage.

III.

May through thy gladsome dwelling,
Their bright innumerable legions swelling,
By man's gross eye unseen,
The Holy Angels on thy head
Celestial blessings shed,
Sustain the Mother, and inspire the Queen,
That soon relieved of mortal pain,
And clothed in majesty again,

Relying on their might,
 For ancient Truth thou mayest renew the fight,
 And with a Sovran's lion strength dispel
 Demons of discord fell.

IV.

Fair Lady, unto whom high Heaven
 The care of this good land hath given,
 Maintain with augmentation
 The honour of the nation,
 Thou that rejoicest in the Sea-queen's regal state,
 And gloriously once more,
 Forgotten things restore,
 That in ancestral lore,
 These latter times admire, and fear to imitate—
 So in the Church and realm Victoria's praise
 Shall flourish ever till earth's utmost days.

V.

And thou in time remember, infant bright,
 That the crown of the Plantagenet,

And the sceptre of the Stuart,
 Are thy birthright ;
 And to the task of learning kinghood set
 With an English spirit and a true heart—
 (May long long time have run by ere
 The need of this thy discipline appear.
 Ah sad the thought, and rude the strain
 That dreams an end of fair Victoria's reign—
 And yet involved in man's inevitable doom
 High kinghood endeth at the tomb—
 Edward is dead, and cold is Richard's heart,
 And Charles beneath the Altar hath his part—
 And were this not so, we had never known,
 Nor time to wondering earth had ever shown
 Victoria's virtues on a throne.)

VI.

But why aspire, with weak unequal wings,
 The sacred height whence honour springs,
 And mar in numbers all terrene
 The praise of Heaven's anointed Queen ?



Pardon my deep temerity,
As prompted on by simple loyalty,
And deign, all-gracious Lady, with thy soul benign,
Not altogether to despise this humble lay of mine.

To the Old English Poets.

1830.

YE giants of the olden time, too long
 Trained to contempt in cold oblivion's school,
 Atonement meet shall crown your glorious song,
 Albeit a dull age spurned your noble rule,
 While Hayley plumed his inoffensive line,
 And laureate odes by Pye were thought divine.
 And thou, the chief, shalt reign in state sublime,
 Spenser, that under name of Tanaquil
 Sang'st of the Maid that in this latter time
 Should wield Brute's sceptre by her sovran will,
 For sure upon thine high and mystic rhyme
 The old prophetic spirit brooded still,
 That the late world, reading thy wondrous lays,
 Might think on Her the glorious birth of future days.

An Age to come.

'T WILL not be always so, the Infidel
 Shall not for ever rage with ruthless power,
 Ceaselessly vexing blessed Israel :
 The Holy Cross upon Byzantium's tower
 Shall, beaming over Bosphorus, dispel
 That black huge cloud that over-long doth lower,
 Arabian superstition, and loud tell
 Of Salem's peace restored, her ancient dower :
 And in that holiest city's holiest Shrine,
 Her pangs assuaged, the One Church Catholic,
 Roman, and Greek, and English shall combine
 Lowly to thank Her Sovran Lord Divine,
 That He hath deigned, when she to death was sick,
 To heal such wounds with such a remedy benign.

**On the Legislative Measures for the Enclosure
of Waste Lands.**

1843.

YE beautiful old spots, sole relics now
Of that renown'dest Britain, which of yore
The proud descendants of the sunny East
Roamed over joyous, and in later days
Teachers of heavenly truth, with heavenly zeal,
Aidan or Cuthbert traversed; forests loved,
With your bright lawns, and deep receding glades,
And foliage ever verdant of the yew,
And shapely juniper, and greener holly,
Always with ready gift of glowing fruit
Prepared to decorate the Saviour's natal day.
And rich expanses of the blooming gorse,
Those wide and fragrant seas of living gold,
And purple heather on the craggy moor—

Ye must all perish ; for vain, selfish man,
From the murky alleys of trade-ridden towns,
Hath bidden it, and all unable he
To make, or see, or know your holy beauty,
Will mar your free untutored gracefulness
With trench, and mound, and straight wood palisade.
And we may not repine,—it must be so,—
A penance this, a goodly sacrifice
I deem it of romantic feelings pure,
The Church and Monarchy to save from foul
Aggressions of rebellious insolence.
For the gaunt famine of the wealthiest land
Of Eastern and of Western hemisphere,
With iron voice asserts supremacy.—
England, once merry, once the Isle of Saints,
Breadless, and yet with wealth o'erflowing, rues
The grinding tyranny of upstart men,
Lords of machines, and of machine-like beings
In cellars born, and bred in mills, unknowing
Of sunshine, and the gentle breeze of spring,
Of bleating flocks, and water's gentle flow,
And far church-bells upon a misty morning—

Thoughtless of heaven or hell, or aught beyond
The whizzing clang of the revolving wheel,
Body and soul to which they are enslaved.
The Lord have mercy on them,—not their fault
Their brutal ignorance, their brutal crime.
Where the blame lies, I will not seek, but pray
That England, as of yore, again may be
A tender mother to her helpless offspring.

Time.

TIME is a broad deep-flowing river, where
Like treasures, mem'ries of old things well done
To th' bottom sink to be searched after, ere
We find the praise of them that now are gone ;
While quips, and jests, and idlest fantasies
Are borne conspicuous adown the stream,
Like sticks and foam appearing to men's eyes,
Who for what is, choose often what doth seem.

Hymnus in Ecclesiam.

BENIGNA Mater omnium,
Quicunque credunt Domino,
Fas sit recordari tuas
Dotes figuris mysticis.

Navis, quæ Christum in sinu
Portas ad gubernaculum,
Et nil pericli metuens
Ruis per ignotum mare.

Avis, quæ cursu præpeti
Cœleste scandis atrium,
In medioque aëre
Ipso libraris impetu.

Thesaurus, in quâ conditur
Quodcunque ornatissimum,
Ex quâ Magister eruit
Antiqua et recentia.

Late resplendens unio,
E margaritis unicus,
Quem omni cuncta venditans
Mercator emet pretio.

Granum sinapis parvulum,
Quod procreavit arborem,
In cujus umbrâ patulâ
Volucrum residet genus.

Templum de saxis vividis
Ædificatum in petrâ,
Cui lapis angularis est
Christus Redemptor gentium.

Imperialis curia
Quam Rex Supremus habitat,
Cohorsque circum regia
Astant ministri Angeli.

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GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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